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 Catalogue continued on next page of cover. 

THE HIDDEN TREASURES,

—OR—

MARTHA'S TRIUMPH.

A DRAMA

—IN—

A PROLOGUE AND FOUR ACTS,

—BY—

ZELLA CAREO.

*With a description of Costumes and Characters, Entrances and Exits
and the whole of the stage business carefully printed from
the author's original manuscript.*

*Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1883, by
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—CLYDE, OHIO:—

A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

THE HIDDEN TREASURES.

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE.

| | | |
|--------------------|---------------|--------|
| Joseph Stone,..... | (a Miner) | Age 35 |
| Mark Payne, | (a Villian) | Age 24 |
| Sam Luse,..... | (a Miner) | Age 30 |
| Martha,..... | (Joe's Child) | Age 10 |
| Susan Baker,..... | (an Orphan) | Age 22 |
| Ben Baker,..... | (her Brother) | Age 15 |

COSTUMES—PROLOGUE.

Joseph Stone, *Miner's suit.*
Mark Payne, *Rough clothes—mask.*
Sam Luse, *Miner's suit.*
Martha, *Neat dress—white apron.*
Susan Baker, *Dark dress—hat.*
Ben Baker, *Top boots, pants tucked in—hat on back of head.*

| | | |
|------------------|-----------------------|--------|
| Mark Payne,..... | (a Villian) | Age 32 |
| Sam Luse, | (a Miner) | Age 40 |
| Ben Baker, | (a Miner) | Age 23 |
| Martha,..... | (Sam's adopted child) | Age 18 |
| Susan,..... | (Sam's housekeeper) | Age 30 |

Two Officers.

COSTUMES—DRAMA.

Mark Payne, *Rough clothes—slouch hat—heavy boots, pants in boots—red shirt—belt.*
Sam Luse, *Miner's coarse clothes—heavy beard.*
Ben Baker, *Miner's coarse clothes—small mustache—pick or shovel.*
Martha, *Dark dress, rather short—cape and large hat.*
Susan, *Dark dress, apron and cap.*
Officers, *Uniforms.*

Eight years are supposed to elapse between the Prologue and Act I.

Time of performance—One and three-fourth hours.

TMP92-008561

The Hidden Treasures.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE.—*Mountainous, full depth of stage, rocks at back, and set trees near front—Moonlight.*

Enter Mark R. 3. E.

Mark. I wonder how this is going to end. I feel a little nervous about it, but I must shake off that kind of feeling. My mind is made up, I am determined to get possession of Joe Stone's property. I know he has got it, and I don't see the use of his hoarding it up. His mine turns out very well. I can get no work—but I'm not particular about that, for I don't like to feel obliged to work continually and earn only a little at a time. But I must have money and I don't know of any easier way to get it than to take that. I may not succeed but if he will not tell me where it is, why, — I shall be obliged to get rid of him, then I can search for it myself, without any interruption from him. There is no one else has any claim on it except his little girl, and she is too young to think much of it now; so I will risk it any way. I'll see him to-night, that is what I am here for, and if it comes to blows, to save trouble I will leave this place for a time, until it is all forgotten. Now I'll go and wait for him down the road, 'tis most time he was here. (*exit L. U. E.*)

Enter Susan, R. 1 E.

Susan. I declare I am so tired I don't know what to do. I have searched everywhere for my brother Ben, and not a trace of him could I get. No one has seen him to-day. Well I expect something dreadful has happened to him, for I have felt all day as though some terrible blow was going to fall on us. I wish I knew what to do, or where to go. Just as like as anything, he has been off fishing gone to sleep and fallen into the river and is drowned. Oh, dear I don't know what I should do. (*whistle heard off R.—looking in that direction.*) There he comes now, after all my worry he is safe, and I am so thankful.

Enter Ben. R. 1 E. *with basket, fishing pole, etc.*

Ben. (*laughing*) Ha, ha, ha, why Susie, what is the matter? You look as though you would like to give me a taste of birch, if there was any of it around here, which I am very glad is not the case.

Susan. Yes, I should just like to do that, and you know you deserve it too. But come, tell me where you have spent the day. Such a fright as you have given me.

Ben. Well, I am very sorry Susie, indeed I am. I didn't suppose I was worth worrying about. But to answer your question. I have been fishing don't you see?

Susan. Yes, as far as lines and basket go, I should infer that had been your occupation. But I fail to see any fish.

Ben. No, I suppose you don't see them, since I haven't opened my basket. (*opens basket*) Look now, what do you think of that?

Susan. Well, I think you have had very good luck, but the next time

you want to go I wish you would let me know about it before you leave, so I shall not have to worry about you. We are all alone now, and as I am to have the care of you, I think it only right, that I should know where you spend your time. Isn't that right?

Ben. (*laying down pole and basket*) Certainly my sister, and I will try to do so in the future. I say Susie! Don't you think I am getting pretty tall now?

Susan. Well, yes, you are certainly growing very fast.

Ben. That is what I thought, but that was not all I was thinking. Do you know what I ought to do?

Susan. Well I cannot say I know what you refer to, but I suppose you have been forming some foolish plan. What is it?

Ben. I say Susie, that is not very encouraging, when a fellow has an idea, and wants to tell you about it. I don't consider it very foolish now, you bet.

Susan. Well, perhaps I was a little hasty, but I will wait until I hear it, and then I can judge better. Now tell me all about it.

Ben. Well I was thinking our money is going very fast, and I don't see what we are going to live on after that. So I made up my mind it would be a pretty good plan for me to ask Mr. Stone to let me help him down at the mine. It wouldn't be much I could do, or much I should make, at first I know, but it would be some help to us. Now what do you think?

Susan. Well I don't know Ben, you are so young yet, and the work is so hard, I wish you could get something easier to do, but we will see. You may ask Mr. Stone and see what he says about it. But come, if we are to have any of your fish to-night, we must hurry home.

Ben. (*picking up basket and pole.*) Yes I suppose we had better be moving on, for I begin to feel a little hungry. Do you know Susie that word 'home' sounds very hollow to me lately? I have such strange dreams at night, and all through the day they haunt me. I try to forget them by singing, and reading, but it is of no use; I can't drive them away. I don't know what it is, but if I were superstitious, I should say that everything is not just right. What is your opinion?

Susan. I don't know, but I too have felt strangely to-day. But I think it is only fancy. Come, let us go now, and prepare supper. (*exit L. 1 E.*)

Ben. Well I hope it is all right, but I have my doubts. Hallo! here comes Mattie. See her run though, I should think some one was after her.

Enter Martha running, L. 1 E.

Hallo, Mattie, what's the matter? House ain't afire is it?

Martha. Oh no, Ben, nothing's the matter, only I have run all the way to meet father, I thought he would get here before I did. He likes to have me come to meet him, and I like to come. He is late to-night, where can he be I wonder?

Ben. I guess he will be along soon now, and I must run along, for Susie may want some wood or something. (*exit L. 1 E.*)

Martha. (*looking after him*) What a good brother Ben is to Susie; he always helps her. Oh dear! I wish I had a brother like him; but I haven't anybody but my father. (*looking L. 3 E.*) Who is this coming? It is not papa—why it is Sam!

Enter Sam, L. 3 E.

Sam. (*patting Mattie*) How are you little one? What are you here for?

Martha. Waiting for my father. Is he coming?

Sam. I have not seen him to-night, I reckon he will soon be along now. Probably he is working a little later than usual. Come let us sit down a little while and wait for him, I am tired and a little rest will do me good.

Martha. Are you tired? I suppose papa is too, and perhaps that's the reason why he is so late now.

Sam. Perhaps that is it,—he is taking it easy walking up the road,—you love your father very much, don't you?

Martha. Oh, yes indeed,—and he loves me too.

Sam. I wish I had a little girl to love me, but I haven't.

Martha. I am very sorry you have none of your own—but I love you very much you know. I like to hear you sing, will you please sing something for me now?

Sam. I guess you will have to excuse me to-night, Mattie, for I'm so tired, and I do not feel quite right. Some other time I will. I think I had better start along home now, you will not have very much longer to wait, surely.

Martha. I should like to have you stay longer with me, but I will not be long away now. Good-bye. (*exit Sam L. 1 E.*) I don't see where papa can be. I don't like to have him stay so late. (*hears voices*) Hark! what was that? Some one talking—but it isn't father. It sounds like somebody very angry and quarreling. I'll run and hide, until they have passed.

(*hides behind a rock, and watches.*)

Enter Joe, and Mark masked, L. 3 E.

Mark. (*roughly*) Now, then once more I say, tell me where that money is?

Joe. No! Again I tell you I will not. It is for my little girl, and I shall tell no one where it is but Mattie, that is settled.

Mark. Very well, as that answer is final, I shall be obliged to search for it myself, and as I shall not wish to be disturbed at any time, I shall have to remove you. (*goes behind Joe and stabs, Joe falls but rises again and grasps the mask from Mark's face*)

Joe. Villian! You have murdered me, but you will gain nothing. (*as mask falls, Mark looks hastily around and runs off R. 3 E.*) Help! help!

Martha. (*running to him*) What is it papa? Are you very much hurt?

Joe. Yes, dear, run for Sam as quickly as possible!

(*Martha starts but Joe calls her back.*)

Joe. No Mattie, come here first, I may not live till you get back, and I must tell you where the treasure is. Are we alone dear?

Mattie. (*looking around.*) Quite alone papa.

Joe. Listen then, I must whisper it, for though we see no one, we may be heard. (*whispers to her.*) You know where it is now my child, and you must tell no one. Let them remain there while you stay here, and now tell Sam it was my request that he should take care of you, I know he will do it. One kiss, and now run for them, and hurry back.

Martha. Yes, papa. They will come and take you home. (*exit L. 1 E.*)

Joe. Oh, that villain, Mark! Why did I not tell Mattie, his name? It will be too late when she returns. It may be that she saw him but if she did, it would do no good, she is so young. Oh, dear, if they would come I could tell them, but 'tis too late now, I am going fast, and must—die—alone. (*dies.*)

Enter Martha, Sam, Susie, and Ben, L. 1 E.

Martha. (*running to Joe.*) Here they are papa.

Sam. Yes, Joe. (*goes to him*) 'Tis too late, he is gone now. Poor Joe! Who could have done so foul a deed. I did not know that there was any one who disliked him, even in the whole place.

Susie. This is indeed a dreadful blow.

Ben. Did you say you saw him Mattie?

Martha. Yes Ben, I saw him but did not know him, he is a stranger to me, but I saw his face and shall never forget it, and young as I am, I make this vow, that in the years to come I will make it the work of my life, to bring this man to justice, and revenge my father's death.

DRAMA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Similar to one in Prologue. A set tree near F., with cavity in the base, to conceal box.

Enter Mark and Sam, L. 3 E., talking—Martha unobserved at back, listening.

Mark. I cannot wait, I must have my money, and that right away.

Sam. So you say; but you know that I have no money to meet your bill. I have worked hard to save enough for that, but I have failed to do so. If you will wait a while longer—as soon as I can raise it you shall have it, but I cannot promise to pay it at any particular time.

Mark. Well, Martha has plenty of money. You could easily get hold of that, I suppose?

Sam. Take her money? No, I would not touch so much as one penny of it to save me from starving.

Mark. Oh, indeed! How concientious we are. Well, you needn't touch it; just tell me where it is and I will help myself.

Sam. Tell you where her treasures are? Not even if I knew—you are the last one to whom I would reveal her secret. Martha is as precious to me as though she were my own child; and before I would do so base a deed as that, I would pray that my tongue would refuse to utter a sound again. I pay nothing but honest money.

Mark. Then if you cannot pay me, and refuse to tell me where I can get it, I shall find out for myself—and what is more, Martha shall tell me herself where it is. You see I am determined to have my money, and if she refuses to tell me, why, I—

Martha. (*coming down quickly*) No you won't! Easy, now. I have heard all you have said, and I am not at all afraid of you, but to save that good man any further annoyance from you, I will settle his note to you. The rest I shall keep for myself; and as for you making me tell you where it is concealed, you might as well try to get the information from this man. No threats of yours will be of any service to you whatever.

Mark. Well, I think you are rather bold for a girl of your age. I suppose you think you are capable of overpowering me.

Martha. I don't think anything about it—I know it. In an emergency I should not hesitate to defend myself, nor should I fail. Strong man as you are, I should have you at my mercy.

Mark. Enough of such nonsense. You say you will pay the money?

Martha. That is what I said, I believe. When you present your bill, and not before.

Mark. Well then, you had better get it, and you can have the bill on your return. (*aside*) That will give me a chance to follow her.

Martha. Never mind about me, I will be ready as soon as you are.

Mark. Don't be so sure of that, you might not be able to keep your word.

Martha. I am not at all afraid of breaking it.

Mark. We will see—here it is. (*producing bill*) Fifty dollars.

Martha. (*imitating*) So—we will see. Here it is. (*producing money*) Fifty dollars. You see I expected you, so came prepared.

Mark. (*aside*) Baffled again! But I shall not give it up yet. Not much. (*gives a receipt to Martha*)

Martha. Here is your receipt, Sam; take care of it for the present.

Sam. Thank you, Martha. I don't like to have you do this, but I hope I shall soon be able to repay you.

Martha. Now don't worry about that, for you have already paid more than that in kindness to me. 'Tis I, who still owe you. But come, you had better go home now, for you are tired and need rest.

Sam. Yes, I am very tired to-night. Are you not coming with me?

Martha. Not yet. I will wait a few moments for Ben, he will soon come now.

Sam. I do not like to leave you here. Be very careful child, that villain may do you harm.

Martha. I do not fear him. Don't worry, I shall be safe enough.

(exit, Sam, L. 1 E.)

Mark. *(walking to and fro)* You have foiled me again, but I will find your treasure yet.

Martha. *(sarcastically)* Do—and when you have found it let me know. Won't you?

Mark. You will be likely to discover your loss, and that very soon, unless you leave this place suddenly, and take it with you.

Martha. Leave this place? Not much fear of that just at present, sir. I have a great interest in my surroundings lately.

Mark. Indeed—how strange!

Martha. Do you think so? I think it only natural, under the circumstances.

Mark. I suppose that sneak, Ben Baker, is the attraction.

Martha. Then you suppose wrong. I like Ben very much, but as for his being a sneak—I think that applies better where it comes from.

Mark. Take care, girl, how you call names.

Martha. Oh, yes, I am taking care that they don't land in the wrong place. But guess again, at the reason I have for staying here.

Mark. I don't know what your affairs are. They don't concern me.

Martha. I don't know about that. Listen, and I will tell you. It is no secret.

Ben enters L. 3 E., and stops.

—To—revenge—my—father's—death!

Mark. *(starting)* Well—what has that to do with me

Martha. Much! Very much indeed.

Mark. I do not understand you, girl.

Martha. Then hear my story—it may make my meaning plain to you. Eight years ago, one evening about seven o'clock, as that was about time for my father to return from his work, I had run out to meet him, as was my custom; but I had long to wait for him, and was about to return home when I heard loud voices. Being but a little child, and not recognizing my father's voice, I hid behind yonder rock until they should pass. I had scarcely concealed myself when two men came by, one my father, the other a stranger to me, who wore a mask. The man said: "Now then, once more I say, tell me where that money is?" My father answered, "No!" The man then struck my father in the back, and in his agony he seized the mask, tore it from the man's face, disclosing it to my view in the full light of the moon. The assassin then fled, and I ran to my father, who told me where the treasures were, and bade me let them remain there while I stayed here. And there they shall be until I accomplish my work—then I shall leave this place forever. Now you see I have all the facts in the case, and if you cross my path you will find I am a desperate girl to contend with.

Mark. That would be quite a story for a paper. But you need not think that I am to be shaken in my determination to secure your treasure by any such talk as that. No, when I ask you for it you will tell me, or you know the result.

Martha. I suppose you would kill me; but there would be no logic in that, for they say "dead men tell no tales," and I don't believe 'dead girls do either. I know I would not be so foolish as to return and tell you my

secret after you had killed me. So you see, it would still remain a mystery to you, and there would be another murder to answer for.

Mark. True. But no one would know who did it.

Ben. (*coming forward*) Yes they would, for I have heard all your talk, and I could furnish testimony enough to carry the case and convict you. There is no use of your trying to frighten Mattie with your threats, and if there is going to be any trouble, and she needs any help, here is the place to come for it, I will help her.

Martha. Thank you, Ben, but I do not fear him, and I judge he will think best to leave me alone in the future. It will be to his interest at any rate.

Mark. We will see. That money first! (*exit R. 3 M.*)

Ben. I know that man too well to trust him. He is a mean villain, and would stop at nothing to gain his end. He needs close watching, and I shall keep a sharp eye on him in the future.

Martha. I hope there will be no trouble; but I guess it is about time to go now, for Sam will be anxious if I stay any longer.

Ben. Yes, I think I have worked hard enough for one day, and I have been so unsuccessful, I am quite discouraged.

Martha. You must not talk like that, we will try to have a pleasant evening, and see if I can't cheer you up a bit.

Ben. I do not like the way Mark talked, I am afraid he means to do you harm.

Martha. In that case I shall do him harm, I reckon.

Ben. You! What can a powerless girl like you do?

Martha. Defend myself. (*produces pistol*) Look, what do you think of that?

Ben. (*astonished*) Why Martha, you cannot use that, can you?

Martha. I should hate too, but I guess in case of necessity I could manage to hit an elephant if I was close enough to him. Shall I show you some of my skill?

Ben. Yes, but be careful you do not get hurt. That is a very dangerous plaything.

Martha. Then look at that knot in the tree, and I will hit it. (*fires*) There, go and see for yourself.

(*Ben goes to tree, gets the bullet, which has been placed there*)

Ben. Well done, Mattie. Where did you learn to do this? You are a good marksman. Well, not exactly that, either, but 'tis all the same; you know what I mean.

Martha. "Practice makes perfect," you know, and that is the way I learned.

Ben. Well, I guess you can defend yourself if necessary, but I hope you will have no occasion to use that.

Martha. I don't intend to. Have you anything to defend yourself with?

Ben. No, I have no weapons but my arms.

Martha. Then I will give you this—you may find it handy sometime. Here is some ammunition. (*gives box from pocket*)

Ben. Thanks, Mattie. But you may need it.

Martha. I guess not. I am still well armed, you see. (*producing revolver*) Isn't that pretty?

Ben. My stars. Where did you get these?

Martha. They are some of my hidden treasures. I thought they might as well be used as to lay away rusting. Come, let us go home now.

(*exeunt, L. 1 M.*)

Enter Mark, R. 3 M.

Mark. (*looking after Martha and Ben*) Gone! Just gone. Well, she is a plucky one, and no mistake. So, she defies me? We shall see. If I could only see her when she visits her treasures, I would not harm her.

But that seems to be impossible. It is near here somewhere—but where, is the question? (*sits*) I might search here forever and not find it, and yet it may be right under my very nose. I must think up some plan for getting it. An unarmed girl is not to be much feared by me with my trusty blade. (*drawing knife and admiring it*) It wouldn't be the first one it has carved. So went father, why not daughter? True, I would be no wiser in regard to the money, but then I could search for it, and no one would be the wiser when I got it. I think if I get her at the point of this knife she will tell me, but to do that will not be an easy task. I may as well make up my mind to fight two, for Ben Baker will follow her like a shadow now, and although I don't like to confess it to myself, even. I had rather tackle any two men in the place than him. So I shall have to be sly. (*rises*) Ah! who comes here! Sam Luse! I'll make tracks towards home and ponder the subject awhile. (*exit, R. 3 E.*)

Enter Sam, L. 3 E.

Sam. I don't see where Martha can be—I have hunted everywhere for her. I am afraid something has happened to her through that villain, Mark. I did wrong to leave her alone, but I will go home and see if she has returned while I have been away. (*starts to go L. 1 E., and sees Martha*) Why, here she comes now from the house, evidently in search of me. Now I will go home and try to sleep off these strange fancies I have.

Enter Martha and Ben, L. 1 E.

Martha. Why here he is! Where have you been? Looking for me?

Sam. Yes, child, I was worried about you, fearing that something had happened to you.

Martha. I am sorry you worried. I told you I should be safe, and you see I am.

Sam. I could not help it. I did not think you would stay so long when I left you. Here, Mattie, take this. (*handing revolver*) I shall feel safer if you have something to defend yourself with. I will teach you how to use it.

Martha. Thank you. I guess I shall be able to take care of myself. I think we had better return home, for it is getting late, and to-morrow has its work for us, and we need rest. (*exit with Sam and Ben, L. 1 E.*)

Enter Mark, slowly, reading letter, R. 3 E.

Mark. H'm! So, I am to understand from the contents of this letter that I am wanted in Green Centre by the first train. Not at all unexpected, and I have no doubt that I should be very welcome in a great many other places. But I guess I shall have to be obliged to miss the first train, for I have more interesting business here—that is, it is more interesting to me. My plan is laid, and the next thing is to carry it out. It will not be long to morning now, and I guess it is not likely that Martha will be out again to-night, but I will be here early in the morning and watch till she comes. I'll try to sleep till five—I think that will be early enough. (*exit R. 3 E.*)

Enter Martha, L. 1 E.

Martha. (*with receipt, looking around*) No one to be seen now. I couldn't rest with this receipt in the house, so I just slipped out and thought I would bring it down here to put with my treasures, then I know it will be safe. (*goes to tree and puts paper in*) I think that Mark Payne is mean enough to destroy the receipt if he could get his hands on it, and so be able to make Sam pay it again. But it is out of his way now, and I must go home, for no doubt they have already missed me, and will be thinking no end of horrible things have happened to me. Oh! I guess I will not go just yet, for Mark is coming this way, and if I should start

for home he might give chase, so I will just take a position behind this friendly rock and wait further developments. If necessary, this will answer for a fort. (*examines revolvers*) I guess these are all ready for action—no for it.

Enter Mark, L. 3 E.

Mark. 'Tis no use for me to try to rest to-night. I thought it might be possible that she would take a notion to come before five, and in a case of that kind I should miss her again, so I'll just remain here till morning, and take one of these rocks for a place of observation. (*looks around, and selects the one where Martha is*) This one will afford the best view.

(*goes towards it, Martha looks over*)

Martha. Yes, I find it does—but 'tis only large enough for one.

Mark. (*starting up*) Ha! she is here, and alone. Now, indeed, my chance is come.

Martha. Go back, or my chance will come.

**Mark.* No! You are going to answer my questions now!

Martha. No I won't! And I advise you to retreat or take the consequences.

Mark. Not this time. (*drawing knife*) I have you now, and if you do not tell me where the money is I will make use of this.

Martha. And if you come one step nearer I will make use of these. (*pointing revolvers*) You see I am armed. (*Mark lowers knife and starts back*)

TABLEAU—END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Kitchen in Sam's house—Windows and door in back—Lamps lighted—Sam reading—Ben writing—Martha doing fancy work—Susan sewing.

Sam. It is strange what has become of Mark Payne, he hasn't been seen in the town since the night Martha defeated him, and that is nearly three weeks ago.

Ben. I heard this morning that there had been a reward offered for his arrest by parties in Green Centre. I don't know how true it is, but it is probably enough, I think.

Martha. I hope they'll get him, that is all.

Ben. Come, Martha, can't you cheer us up a little with a song. It's rather dull here to-night.

Martha. Yes, if you wish—what shall it be?

Ben. Oh, I don't know. Most anything lively.

Martha. How will "That Little Black Mustache" do?*

Ben. Yes, that will suit me. (*Martha sings—after song knock at door*)

Martha. Now who can that be, I wonder?

Ben. I will see. (*opens door to Mark, disguised as an old man*) Well, sir, what do you wish?

Mark. (*whining*) Would you please be kind enough to give a poor old man a bit to eat? I am very hungry. (*looks around room*)

Ben. (*holding door*) Susan, have you a little something to spare?

(*Martha watches Mark closely*)

Susan. Yes, Ben. (*gets crackers*) It's not much we have to spare now-a-days.

Mark. Thank you, ma'am. Would you be kind enough to let me rest here for the night?

Ben. That we cannot do. You can get a lodging at the tavern a few

*The above song can be had by addressing the publisher of this play, Price 30c.

Mark. But I have no money to pay for it.

Ben. (*gives money*) Here, take this, it will pay for a bed for you to-night.

Mark. You are very kind—I will go. Good-bye, sir. (*Ben closes door*)

Martha. I am glad he is gone. I don't like the looks of him.

Ben. Why not? He is probably some poor old fellow on a tramp.

Martha. Perhaps he is—but I have my doubts—and I also have an idea.

Ben. What is it? You are always striking on ideas.

Martha. (*going toward window*) And I am seldom wrong. Isn't that so? (*looks out window*) Look! your poor old man has taken the wrong direction to the tavern.

Ben. I forgot that he is probably a stranger here. I should have directed him to it.

Martha. He seemed to have forgotten that circumstances to, or he would have inquired of you. It is my opinion he knows where he is going. If you notice he is not as old appearing as he was.

Sam. (*going to window*) That is so. What can that mean, I wonder?

Martha. It means just this—that yonder man is an imposter, and is no other than Mark Payne.

Ben. That cannot be, for his voice was so weak, and then he is so old. You are mistaken for once, Martha.

Martha. A clever device to deceive. But I am going to follow him and prove my word. (*takes hat to go*) Will you come with me, Ben?

(*takes his hat and they go out—Sam at window*)

SCENE II.—Street.

Enter Mark, R.

Mark. I think my disguise must be perfect, for they did not know me. So—they have offered a reward for me. I rather guess I will be hard to find. But I must not stop here; for some one might be too inquisitive for my good, and find me out. Then they would be five hundred dollars in, and I should most likely be in too—in jail! I must hunt up some place to pass the night. (*exit, L.*)

Enter Martha and Ben, R.

Ben. See! He is gone, and has probably found a place to pass the night among the rocks and trees. I suppose he thought it better to save the money for something to eat in the morning. Come, let us return.

Martha. No, I am sure it is he, and—(*looking L.*)—look! there he is now, going to sit down to rest—we will not follow just yet. He seems to be quite warm, for he has taken off his white wig. Now tell me who it is?

Ben. You were right, it is Mark! Now what are you going to do?

Martha. Expose him, of course—but not just now. When I meet him I shall treat him as though I believed him to be the poor old man he represents, and so throw him off his guard. I shall send to Green Centre to inform them that he is here. They will send officers, and then I will show him that once more I have defeated him. He is gone now, and if you are satisfied that I was right we will return home.

Ben. Oh, yes, I see there is no doubt. We go that way—(*points left*) we shall probably see him again.

Martha. Never mind, that will suit me perfectly. Come. (*exit, L.*)

SCENE III.—Same as Scene 1st—rocks and trees.

Enter Mark, L. 3 R.

Mark. I don't feel as safe as I did. Somehow I can't seem to rest. (*3 R.*) I tried to take a nap down yonder, but every time I closed my

eyes I could see Martha's eyes fastened on me as though she recognized me. I could very soon find out if I should meet her—and if she did know me I should make myself scarce in this town for awhile. Here comes some one now—Martha and Ben. Now I am in for it! To stay or not to stay, that is the question at present. *(sits and rests head on hands)*

Enter Martha and Ben, L. 3 E.

Martha. Why look, Ben, here is that poor old man that called at the house, he must have missed his way—I will speak to him. Did you miss the way to the tavern, sir?

Mark. Yes, miss, I am a stranger here. But 'tis no matter, for this is not the first night I have spent out of doors. I thought the young man wouldn't mind if I kept the money for a bit to eat in the morning.

Ben. Certainly not. The money is yours to use as you think best. Do you intend to remain here long?

Mark. No, only a few days, until I get rested. I have yet a long tramp before I reach my destination.

Martha. I am sorry for you, sir; for you are very old to travel far alone. If you are here to-morrow come to this place about two o'clock and I will bring you a basket of food. I would bring it earlier, but I have much work to do to-morrow that will keep me busy till then. Will you come?

Mark. Oh, yes, miss, you are very kind, indeed. I will come.

Martha. Well, I shall certainly bring it. Good-night.

Mark. Good-night, miss; and thank you very much.

(exit Martha and Ben, L. 1 E.)

Mark. I think I am safe at present. It is plain to be seen that she does not know me, so I will remain here, and as she was so kind as to offer her food I may as well take it. If she knew who I was she might be inclined to season it a little too highly for the good of my constitution—but she doesn't. Now I think I will stretch myself here for the night and try to sleep. *(hunts for a place to lay down, and change to)*

SCENE IV.—Street.

Enter Sam, R.

Sam. Well, that girl is a strange one, and no mistake. She always seems to be right when others would be wrong. Now she said that man was Mark, and has gone to prove it to Ben. I haven't the least doubt that she will succeed. I wonder what will be her next move; I shall probably know before long.

Enter Susan, R.

—Well I declare, where have you been? I thought you were home.

Susan. So I was when you left, but Mrs. Martin sent for me to come down, as she was quite sick. So I went, and now I am going home. Are you?

Sam. Yes, I was about ready to go when you came upon me so suddenly. *(they exit L.)*

SCENE V.—Sam's house again—Martha and Ben discovered talking.

Martha. Well, I am glad I am most through here.

Ben. Why, what do you mean? I don't understand you to-night.

Martha. Then I will explain. I mean just this: When I see Mark safe in the hands of the officers I shall take my treasures and myself far away from here.

Ben. You going away? You do not mean that!

Martha. Why, yes; that is my intention. I shall have nothing to keep me here any longer.

Ben. I cannot bear the thought of your leaving—it would be so lonely here without you.

Martha. Well, why can't you go too, and find some other employment that would not be so hard, and pay you better. I intend to take Sam along with me, and I should like very much to have you go with us, and take your sister. What do you think of it?

Ben. I don't know. I might try, I suppose, and perhaps I should do better. I will talk with Susie about it. I wonder where she is? (*goes to window*) Ah! here she comes with Sam.

Enter Sam and Susie, L.

Susan. Well, I am glad to get home again, for I am tired; and now as it is so late I think—(*Sam sits and reads*)—I will bid you good night.

(*starts to go off, R.*

Ben. Wait one moment, Susan, I have something to say to you. *Martha* intends to leave here to-morrow evening, and Sam is to go with her, and she has just proposed that we should accompany them, and I should try some other trade and see if I cannot get along better. She thought I could. What is your opinion?

Susan. I will leave it all to you. We cannot be much worse off than we have been for the past year. Only for *Mattie's* kindness I don't know how we should have managed when you were so sick. She said then that the work was too hard for you, and I think she was right, as she always seems to be. So if she thinks it best, and you think so too, I shall be pleased to make the change, and will be ready to go as soon as she wishes us to be.

(*Susan takes seat at table and writes*

Ben. Thank you, Susan. I shall do my best not to give you any cause to repent of your decision. *Martha*, I think we will accept your kind offer.

Martha. I am glad to hear that, and I feel convinced that you will gain by it. And I shall be so happy that we shall all be together still, for I love your sister as though she were by own.

Ben. *Mattie*, is there no one you love as a brother?

Martha. I can't say there is, *Ben*.

Ben. Forgive me, *Martha*, but I could not help it. For you must long ago have found out that I loved you, and I have dared to hope that you returned my love, but I might have known that it was too much to expect of you, who are so much worthier than I. But forget it, if you will, and let us still be friends.

Martha. And pray who has said that I did not love you?

Ben. Why, you did just now.

Martha. No, I didn't do any such thing. You asked me if I loved anyone as a brother, and I said "No." Nor do I. But I do love you very much, and I am not ashamed to acknowledge the fact.

Ben. And you will be my wife?

Martha. Well—yes—if Sam and Susie approve.

Ben. I know they will, and I am the happiest man in town. (*kisses her*

Sam. Hallo! What was that? It sounded like a—like—

Ben. Yes, Sam, like a kiss. That is what it was, and now I will explain. *Mattie* has consented to become Mrs. Baker, if you and Susie do not object.

Sam. H'm! Well no, *Ben*, I could not have chosen a better mate for her, and I am sure you could not have won a better wife.

Ben. I am sure of that. Susie, what objection have you?

Susan. Objection? None, by brother. Indeed you have made me most happy by your choice, for now I can love *Mattie* as a sister.

Ben. As she already loves you. But now it is late, and we must be up early to-morrow.

Martha. Yes, that is true, for we have our packing to do in the morning, so we may be ready to start on our journey by the evening express—

and now we had better retire, for we all need rest, as to-morrow will be a day of excitement and triumph, for I shall accomplish my revenge.

END OF ACT II.—CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Same as Act 1st, Scene 1st.*

Enter Martha, L. 1 E., with basket, looking all around—Costumes changed if desired.

Martha. (beckoning off) Come, friends, the way is clear. Arrange yourselves, so we will not discover your presence. Do so as quickly as possible, for it is time he was here. (*officers near front, others retire at back—to officers*) You must be ready to do your work quickly when the time comes, but not until I tell you. (*looking off, R. 1 E.*) Here he comes.

Enter Mark, R. 1 E.

Martha. You see I have kept my word, sir. I had began to think you were not coming, and that I had brought my basket for nothing—but it is all right now. Are you very tired?

Mark. Yes, I am tired. I cannot walk as I used to, when I was young.

Martha. Well sit down and rest awhile, and then you can have your food, for I suppose you have a good appetite.

Mark. Yes I am a little hungry, for I had a very light breakfast about six o'clock.

Martha. Well, I will get the basket now. (*goes back to basket*)

Mark. Now I will make good use of the chance, while I have her alone, I can take her unawares.

Martha. (returning with basket) Here it is (*opens it*) I think you will find a little something eatable in it, I know it is not much, but the best I had.

Mark. (eating) Thank you, this is very nice, and hunger is always a good sauce.

Martha. (goes to back of stage) I will wait for the basket, but you need not hurry. (*takes out revolvers and holds them behind her*)

Mark. (not looking around) Have you lived in this place very long, Miss?

Martha. Yes, sir, about ten years, I think.

Mark. Then I suppose you know everyone around here?

Martha. Well, yes, I am pretty well acquainted.

Mark. H'm! I see there is a reward offered for one Mark Payne. The bills are posted all around. Did he belong here?

Martha. Well, no, not exactly. He was here some eight or nine years ago, and then he disappeared for a long time. About a year ago he returned for awhile, and now he is missing again.

Mark. He is of rather a roving disposition then. I suppose they will have some trouble finding him.

Martha. Perhaps they will. I don't know much about such things, you know.

Mark. Well, I guess I have eaten about enough for the present. Why don't you come down here and talk to me? I hope you are not afraid of me?

Martha. Well, hardly! I never saw anyone I was afraid of yet. But you see I thought it would not be polite to stand too near while you were eating.

Mark. Well, I suppose that was right. But I am through now with eating, and I should like to talk with you a little longer. Won't you come?

Martha. I guess not this time. I am in a little hurry just now.

Mark. I am sorry, for I should like much to get better acquainted with you.

Martha. Thank you, but I think our acquaintance is quite enough as it is—Mark Payne!

Mark. (*jumps and draws back*) What! You know me?

Martha. (*drawing back and pointing revolvers at him*) Not too fast. Yes, I do know you in spite of your disguise. I knew you when you called at the house last night.

Mark. Why then did you bring me food?

Martha. That was the bait to my trap, into which like a rat you have walked.

Mark. I will not give up yet. You shall not escape me now.

Martha. I am very sorry to disappoint you again, Mark, but there are a couple of gentlemen here who have business with you. Seize him, officers! (*they seize and handcuff him*)

Mark. What does this mean? Release me!

1st Officer. It means that we arrest you on the charge of robbery, brought against you by Stark Brothers, of Green Centre.

Mark. 'Tis false! I am not the man.

Martha. I think not! (*drawing off his hat and wig*) See for yourselves. And now I am going to bring my charge against him. I accuse that man of murder!

Sam. Murder! Who?

Martha. My father—Joseph Stone—Eight years ago!

Mark. (*agitated*) 'Tis not true.

Martha. It is true, and you know it.

Sam. Martha, how do you know this?

Martha. I saw him do it—and a short time ago I told him the story, in which I as much as accused him of it, and he as good as confessed it—at any rate he did not deny it. I thought we were alone, but there is one here who was present, and can testify to that. He also heard him threaten to kill me if I refused to tell him my secret.

Mark. (*aside to Martha*) You have baffled me again, girl; but we shall meet again, and when we do, beware!

Martha. Yes, in all probability I shall see you again, for I shall most likely have to put in an appearance at your trial. I shall be there, never fear.

Mark. We shall see.

2nd Officer. Come along, my man. We must be going.

Martha. One moment longer, if you please. I have just one more little triumph. You know Mark has hunted long for my hidden treasures. In fact for the past year he has made it his business, resorting to all sorts of devices, to obtain it. This evening I leave this place forever, and therefore the hiding place need no longer be a secret. So I propose to show him, that although no one has ever found it, he has many times been so near it, that had the treasures been composed of snakes, he might have received many a bite. And now I will bring it. (*gets box from tree*) See, Mark, it was very handy. (*Mark scowls*) Now, gentlemen, I have finished. If I am wanted you can send for me at the hotel in Green Centre, where I shall stop for a short time. (*Officers and Mark exit, L. 3 E.*) Good-bye, Mark. I'll see you soon. Well, now I think it is about time for us to go home if we are to start this evening.

Sam. You are a brave girl, Martha, but I hope you will not exert your powers too much.

Martha. No fear of that. I will only do what is necessary.

Ben. That is right. Now I must see to getting the trunks down to the depot. We haven't much time to spare.

Martha. Wait one moment, Ben, and we will all go together. (*to audience*) I wish to say to you, friends, that if ever you have occasion to visit Greenville, and have any valuables to take care of, remember you will have no Mark to contend with, and you will find no safer place to leave them than in a corner similar to the one in which I have so long kept my Hidden Treasures.

CURTAIN.

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SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT FIRST.—The fisherman's home—reminiscences of the wreck. The gathering storm—Reference to the money—Entrance of the Pirate—Aunt Becky expresses her opinion of him—Pepper tells his story—The sunset gun—The storm breaks—Susie's secret—Pepper struck by lightning—A signal of distress on the water—Clyde's proposal—"I have the power"—Lillian's secret—"Why can't I die! He has forfeited all claims to honor or respect, and hopelessly cast me off, yet notwithstanding all this, I love him."—Entrance of Clyde, "You here! Begone and let your lips be sealed, or I'll cut out your quivering heart and throw it to the fishes who sport in yonder deep"—Clyde's soliloquy "Ah, Capt. St. Morris, a fig for your gilded castles built on air."—The pirates rob the house.

ACT SECOND.—Frisky's communings—She and Pepper have a little falling out—Pepper's pursuit of knowledge under the table—Clyde shows his colors and plays his first card, "Then my answer must be 'yes,' though it break the heart of my child."—The old man tries to drown his sorrow—Pepper goes for clams—Entrance of Lillian, "Yes, pirate though you are, and chieftain of the hunted crew, I love you still! The time will come when you will find I am the truest friend you ever had."—Aunt Becky relieves herself of a few ideas and Pepper gives her a few more—The old fisherman falls a victim to Intemperance, and Aunt Becky expresses her opinion of "sich doins."—The meeting of Clyde and St. Morris—The combat—Death of Clyde, "Oh, Heaven! I am his wife."—Tableau.

ACT THIRD.—One year later—Company expected—Pepper has a "worry curis" dream—Capt. St. Morris relates a story to Susie—Love-making interrupted by the old fisherman—His resolution to reform—Aunt Becky thinks she is 'slurred.'—Lillian communes with her own thoughts—The Colonel arrives—Pepper takes him in charge and relates a wonderful whaling story—Restoration of the stolen money—"The same face, Heavens! I cannot be mistaken." "It's all out."—The Colonel finds a daughter—He tells the story of his escape from the wreck—Old friends meet—The Colonel's proposal and acceptance. "Bress de Lawd."—Happy ending, with song and chorus.—"WAIT FOR THE TURN OF THE TIDE."

AMES' PLAYS—Continued.

| NO. | | M. P. |
|-----|---|-------|
| 69 | Mother's Fool, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins..... | 6 1 |
| 1 | Mr. & Mrs. Pringle, farce, 1 act, by Do i T. De Trenba Cosio..... | 7 2 |
| 23 | My Heart's in the Highlands, farce, 1 act..... | 4 3 |
| 32 | My Wife's Relations, comedietta, 1 act, by Walter Gordon..... | 4 4 |
| 90 | No Cure No Pay, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by G. W. H. Griffin..... | 3 1 |
| 61 | Not as Deaf as He Seems, Ethiopian farce, 1 act..... | 2 0 |
| 37 | Not so Bad After All, comedy, 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve..... | 6 5 |
| 44 | Obedience, comedietta, 1 act, by Hattie L. Lambla..... | 1 2 |
| 81 | Old Phil's Birthday, drama, 2 acts, by J. P. Wooler..... | 5 2 |
| 33 | On the Sly, farce, 1 act, by John Madison Morton..... | 3 2 |
| 109 | Other People's Children, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. N. Field..... | 3 2 |
| 126 | Our Daughters, society comedy, 4 acts, by Fred L. Greenwood..... | 8 6 |
| 85 | Outcast's Wife, drama, 3 acts, by Colin H. Hazelwood..... | 12 3 |
| 83 | Out on the World, drama, 3 acts..... | 5 4 |
| 53 | Out in the Streets, temperance drama, 3 acts, by S. N. Cook..... | 6 4 |
| 57 | Paddy Miles' Boy, Irish farce, 1 act, by James Pilgrim..... | 5 2 |
| 29 | Painter of Ghe-t, play, 1 act, by Douglass Jerrold..... | 5 2 |
| 114 | Passions, comedy, 4 acts, by F. Marmaduke Dey..... | 8 4 |
| 18 | Poacher's Doom, domestic dram , 3 acts, by A. D. Ames..... | 8 3 |
| 51 | Rescued, temperance drama, 2 acts, by C. H. Gilbert..... | 5 3 |
| 110 | Reverses, domestic drama, 5 acts, by A. Newton Field..... | 12 6 |
| 45 | Rock Allen the orphan, drama, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins..... | 5 3 |
| 96 | Rooms to Let without Board, Ethiopian farce, 1 act..... | 2 1 |
| 59 | Saved, temperance sketch, 1 act, by Edwin Tardy..... | 2 3 |
| 43 | Schnaps, Dutch farce, 1 act, by M. A. D. Clifton..... | 1 1 |
| 107 | School, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field..... | 5 0 |
| 115 | S. H. A. M. Phiafore, burlesque, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins..... | 5 3 |
| 75 | Somebody's Nobody, farce, 1 act, by C. A. Malby..... | 3 2 |
| 94 | Sixteen Thousand Years ago, Ethiopian farce, 1 act..... | 3 0 |
| 25 | Sport with a Sportsman, Ethiopian farce, 1 act..... | 2 0 |
| 79 | Spy of Atlanta, military allegory, 6 acts, by A. D. Ames, 25 cents..... | 14 3 |
| 92 | Stage Struck Darkey, Ethiopian farce, 1 act..... | 2 1 |
| 10 | Stocks Up, Stocks Down, Ethiopian farce, 1 act..... | 2 0 |
| 62 | Ten Nights in a Bar Room, temperance drama, 5 acts..... | 7 3 |
| 64 | That Boy Sam, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler..... | 3 1 |
| 40 | That Mysterious Bundle, farce, 1 act, by H. L. Lambla..... | 2 2 |
| 38 | The Bewitched Closet, sketch, 1 act, by H. L. Lambla..... | 5 2 |
| 87 | The Biter Bit, comedy, 2 acts, by Barham Livins..... | 5 2 |
| 111 | The Coming Man, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins..... | 3 1 |
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